

Argyle Picture Show

A Weekly Publication

Rocky Lane

Featuring His Stallion **BLACK JACK**

WESTERN

JUNE
10¢
NO. 2

A
CYCLONE of
WESTERN THRILLS
WITH
HARD-RIDING
ROCKY LANE
and his horse
BLACK JACK



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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WILL WILSON

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The following outstanding magazines are easily identified
as their covers by the words A HARRISON PUBLICATION

CART MARVEL ADVENTURES • HALL COMICS • CART MARVELS JR • MARVEL COMICS • COW AND BOY
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Every effort is made to insure that these cover magazines
contain the highest quality of entertainment material

Let it be known that



The cattle rustlers were
not a little when they
found themselves, but
when they started
rustling horses as well
it was high time
for the indomitable
ROCKY LANE to get
their hands on a good
dash of his gun
and wire

IT BURNED READERSHIP....

ROCKY, I'VE GOT A
TALKING ASSIGNMENT
FOR YOU.... A
SOMEONE'S
ONE THAT'S GOT
ME PLANNING
HOLDING!

WHAT IS IT,
CAPTAIN? I
KNOW I
CAN HANDLE
IT!



YOU'RE THE BEST
AND I'VE GOT
TO TALK TO
THAT THREE
HUNDRED
HOLDING... AND NEVER
COME BACK!

HAHA!
THIS IS
BEHOLD!



YOUR ORDERS
ARE IN THE
SHALL BE
WITH YOU
THANK!

THANKS CAPTAIN!
BEHOLD I
SHALL BE
BEHOLD LUCK
ON THE
ONE!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



RODDY LANE WESTERN



BOCKY LANE WESTERN









ROCKY LANE WESTERN



IS THE DREADED SPYGLASS SCRAPER THE BOTTOM
OF HIS BAG OF TRICKS...THE DREADED FALL...



...AND ROLL!



THIS IS WHERE WE MEET
COMPANY...FOR THE
DANGER!

LET'S PICK IT UP
WHERE WE LEFT
OFF, OLD BOY!
I HAD TO RIDE
YOU TO A STAND-
STILL OF A
MINUTE!

YEAH!

YAY!



YOWIEEE!

HE SPOKE
HE SPOKE TO A
STAND-STILL!
WHAT'S
POSSIBLE!

WHAT'S THE BEST
CHANCE, FORTUNA?
I THINK I GOT
ALL THE KNOW
UNLEARNED SO
EVEN YOU CAN RIDE
THE BABY NOW!



WY BE THERE PLEASED!
YOU SPOKE ARE A STONE
POOL!

WE MAY BE
ALL RIGHT AND HE
MAY NOT BE.
THE GREAT
THING BE TO
KEEP HIS UNDER
YOUR EYE!

THANKS!



YOU'RE WISE! TURN IN AND
GET SOME SLEEPERS! YOU'RE
NOW HERE TONIGHT!

THANKS, I'LL
GET MY SLEEP
NOW!



LATER...

I MIGHT BE
ABLE TO USE THIS AGAIN
LATER! BUT UNTIL I'M SURE
OF HIM I DON'T WANT HIM
TO CAUSE ANY TROUBLE!
I'LL PUT BLANKS IN HIS
SADDLEBAG TO GIVE THE
WOMEN THEIR ORDERS...



YOU'RE THINKING OFF
A BUNCH TONIGHT!
ON THE NORTH SIDE
WHICH THE STRANGERS
WINDING HERE ON!
I'LL FOLD HIS SURE
SO HE CAN'T GIVE
YOU ANY
TROUBLE!

SAVED
SOME!



WELL AT THE BUNKHOUSE—
 HAWK! SOME CATTLEMAN
 LOOKS AS IF HE'S GOING TO
 BE SHOT TONIGHT. I'LL
 LEAVE THE BLADES IN THE
 POSE THIS CHANGING
 BUT...



THE LAST THREE COW-
 BERS WILL HOLD LIVE
 BULLETS.... JUST A
 CASE AN EAST DEAN
 WILL BALANCE THE
 DEER IN A TIGHT
 SPOT.



SUDDENLY, THAT NIGHT!
 IT'S STARTED!
 BANG! BANG! BANG!
 BANG! BANG! BANG!



HERE COME
 THE RUSTLERS!
 JUST AS I EXPECTED!
 THEY'RE JUST SHOOTING
 IN THE AIR TO SCARE
 THE CATTLE OUT
 OF HERE!



THEY'RE NOT GIVING ANY
 ATTENTION TO ME! THEY THINK
 THEY'RE BEEN THROTTLED
 THAT I'M SUPPOSED TO HAVE
 ONLY BLIND IN MY EYE!



WHY? WHY?
 BOWEN! LOVE!

I COULD HAVE THOSE
 RUSTLERS NOW BUT THAT
 WOULDN'T LEAD ME TO THE
 BIG MONEY! NO THE JUST PRETEND
 TO BE SCARED OFF! IT'LL GIVE
 ME A CHANCE TO SEE WHAT THEY
 DO WITH THE CATTLE!



THEY'RE REACHING
 TOWARD THE
 MOUTH OF THE
 SOUTH CANYON.
 THAT INFORMATION
 WILL COME IN
 HANDY LATER!



HOW TO GET BACK
 TO THE BUNCH HOUSE
 AND REPORT THE
 RUSTLERS!



RUSTLERS JUST RAN THE
 BUNCH! WAS NIGHT-HERDING!

RUSTLERS
 BY!



YEP, HERE'S THE CORRAL. REGISTRATION ON THE BAR & UNDER THE NAME OF GARDON AND WHELAN - THEN UNDER JUST GARDON! HA! LOOKS STRAIGHT ENOUGH!



HOW TO GET BACK AND LOOK THAT SUSPECT'S TRAIL OVER AGAIN!



WELL GARDON SAID THE TRAIL ALONG BACK HERE AND I AM TO FIND OUT WHY!



NO HORN COULD BE DRIVEN BY THESE HILLS OUT OF THE GARDON, YET THEY DID ENTER AND... HARBINGER!



THERE MUST BE A HIDDEN BUT SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE! THE ONLY SHELTER BIG ENOUGH TO COVER A CAVE ENTRANCE IS THIS ONE, BUT IT MUST BE A TRIP, SURELY THIS AT LEAST!



BUT AS ROCKY PUSHES AGAINST THE HUGE BOULDER!



WELL, HE IS DISCOVERED! A BALANCED ROCK---COVERING A CAVE ENTRANCE!!

TRACKS AND FOOTPRINTS... THE SUSPECT'S TRAIL!



ROCKING! RIGHT, BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TELL ABOUT IT OFFERED! DROP THOSE GUNS!







LIFE... AFTER QUACK-HITTED ROCKY
LANE WAS MADE GOOD USE OF AN
BIT OF BLACK BONE CAUGHT BETWEEN
HIS TEETH...





WITH THE LOSS OF THESE BARBERS AT BRACK, I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!



THERE, BARBER! NO MORE! YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THESE ROPES!



NOW TO FIND OUT WHERE THE TRAIL LEADS TO! COME ON, BLACK JACK! OLD FRED! GET BARBERS!



WELL, THE TRAIL LEADS RIGHT THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN! LOOK! USE AN OLD BARBER'S HORN AND TRAIL! THERE'S AN OPENING UP AHEAD!



WELL, JUST AS I THOUGHT! THERE'S NOTHING BARBER AT THE END OF THE TRAIL! BARBER'S WOLF IS DEAD!



THE DOUBLE BAR N! THE BARBER'S HORSE IS DEAD! TO WORK THE BAR N INTO, I RUN TO LOOK AT THAT BRAND! A BIT CLOSER!



GET! GET! BLACK JACK! THE BARBER'S HORSE IS DEAD! TO WORK THE BAR N INTO, I RUN TO LOOK AT THAT BRAND! A BIT CLOSER!



AFTER BAR, BLACK JACK! WE LANCED HIM JUST RIGHT! BARBER! GET UP!



THAT'S IT, BLACK JACK! KEEP
A TIGHT GRIPE ON
HIM 'TIL I GET
THE HORN-TIED!



THESE I KNOW THEY'LL HOLD ME
WHILE I GET A GOOD LOOK AT
THAT BRAND!



JUST AS I THOUGHT, THESE
ARE A NEW WHITE BRAND
GROWING OUT OF THE ORIGINAL
SAR & BRAND BUT WAIT!
A ONE GROWING OUT OF
THE OTHER BAR, WHICH
INDICATES A FRESH
BRAND!



OF COURSE, MAKING A CHANGE
AND MAKING IT STRONG AND
THE DIFFERENT THING!



BUT I GOT TO MAKE MY CHANGES
SOMEWHERE!
I MAKE
'EM!



OUR NEXT STOP IS TO FIND
OUT SOMETHING ABOUT THE
DOUBLE BAR BRAND...



LIKE MAD DOGS, IT,
FOR INSTANCE!



A LOOK AT THE REGISTRATION
BOOKS GIVE ME THAT
INFORMATION! THE GUY A
HORN-TIED I'LL BE A
MURDER CASE
AT THAT!



WELL! MY NEWS WAS RIGHT!
THE DOUBLE BAR X IS
SCATTERED OVER THE
HORN OF WESSIE!



BECAUSE I'VE ADDED UP ALL
I HEARD AT THE BAR. NOW
TO GET BACK TO HEAD
THE KESTLENS OFF
BEFORE THEY
RUN OFF
THE HORN
HORN!



LOOKS LIKE THIS
WESSIE JAMPER,
WHOEVER HE IS,
IS THE GUY FOR
THE WHOLE
WESSIE!



BUT FIRST THINGS, FIRST.
LIKE CLOSING THE END OF
THE TUNNEL! THAT BOLDER
OF THERE SHOULD DO IT!



GET READY TO MOVE FAST.
BLACK JACK! WHEN THE
BAY COMES DOWN, I'LL
START A LASSOON...
HERE GOES!



BECAUSE THEY'LL BOTTLE
UP THE END OF THE
TUNNEL, ALL RIGHT!



NOW TO GET BACK FOR A SHOW-
DOWN WITH THE KESTLES!
COME ON, BLACK
JACK!



WE'VE GOT
TO GET OUT
OF HERE
BEFORE THE
KESTLES
START THEIR
DRIVE ON
THE HORN
HORN!







NOW BACK TO THE
RANCH HOUSE TO SETTLE
A SCORE...



WITH
CACTUS!



WELL, JO MAY BEAT HELLERS
OF AGES, LONG TIME, WHO
ABOUT YOU GET PROTECTING
AN' HEED FROM THE BUSTLEES?

I SA, PACTRY
AN' YOUR HEED,
AND CACTUS
...ABOUT
THE BUSTLEES!



WELL, JO
MAY BEAT
HELLERS
OF AGES,
LONG TIME,
WHO
ABOUT
YOU GET
PROTECTING
AN' HEED
FROM THE
BUSTLEES?

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OF AGES,
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WELL, JO
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OF AGES,
LONG TIME,
WHO
ABOUT
YOU GET
PROTECTING
AN' HEED
FROM THE
BUSTLEES?



IF YOU HAD HALF THE
KIDNEY-POWER THAT
STOMPERS HAS
YOU'D KNOW
WHEN YOU
WERE LOKED!

CRACK!



GET UP ON YOUR FEET BEFORE
I LOSE MY TEMPER! WHAT'S
YOUR NAME?

NAME
OF YOUR
SUBMITTER!



WHY? HIS NAME IS WESPER...
...HE'S BEEN FOREMAN OF
THE BAR A FOR YEARS!

WESPER SITS TIGHT
THE ONLY WESPER
PRIDE TO THE WAGGLE
SETUP! I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN HE'D
BE A WESPER!



SEEK FOR THE SHERRIFF,
WESPER CANYON, AND TELL
HIM TO MEET ME AT NORTH
CANYON! TELL
HIM I AM TO
FILL HIS JAIL-
HOUSE FOR
HIM!

SO GO
AT ONCE!



LATER, AT NORTH CANYON...

WHILE I OWNED
THE BILLBOARD ROCK
SHED, THE FOOTLENS
AND THE CATTLE
THEY JUST STOLE
ARE TRAPPED
IN THERE!

WE GOT THE
ENTRANCE
COVERED
AT ONCE!



COME
OUT WITH
YOUR
HANDS
UP!

DON'T SHOOT!
WE SWE UP!



AFTER DRIVING THE BROKEN CATTLE BACK TO THE BAR & BANG

FOLLOW ME, SHERRIFF! THESE RIFLEMEN
ARE GOING TO DO AN OPENING FOR
US AT THE OTHER END...TO
BLOW THIS CASE!



KEEP WORKING, BOYS!
GET THAT OPENING
MADE!



CARRON AND I OWNED THE BAR & TOGETHER, WHEN I GOT UP SOME GAMBLING DEBTS, I SOLD OUT MY HALF TO HIM TO RAISE THE MONEY I NEEDED!



AND TO BE HONEST, IT WAS HIS GAVE ME A JOB AS RANCH FOREMAN!



THAT'S NOT TRUE! I WAS FELT HORRY FOR HIM AND ONLY WANTED TO HELP HIM!



WELL I DON'T NEED ANYONE'S HELP! I PLANNED TO RUN HIM BY MYSELF AND CAME THROUGH THE OLD BUNGALOW, WHICH I OWNED!



WHEN WE DID, IT DON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE! I ASKED TO RUN HIS BUSINESS, HE SENT OF HIM! THAT'S ALL!



THERE'S THE MATTER OF THREE MISSING MARSHALS! WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THEM? DON'T MAKE ME 'PUNISH' YOU TO THEM! I DON'T NEED THE EXPOSURE!



DON'T HIT ME, I'LL TELL YOU!

ON STILL HOLDING THEM AS PRISONERS IN A CHAMBER OF THE TUNNEL, MAKE THE OTHER SIDE! THEY'RE SAFE!



THERE'S BETTER BE! COME ON, FOLKS! LET'S GO!



ROCKY LANE ITS SORRY I COULDN'T GET BACK TO YOU NOW BE FINE TWO, BUT ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!



GOODBYE! AND CARSON! DON'T REMIND YOU'LL HAVE ANY MORE PROBLEMS NOW!



GOODBYE AND... TRAVEL! I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU ROCKY LANE!





RED ROCK ROBBER

By Clement Good



KARNES rode slowly along the dusty trail toward Red Rock. From a clear, blue sky the hot sun beat down on the yellow road. It was a little after noon.

Karnes loved bright, hot days and usually sang as he swung along in the saddle. But today he was not singing. His black-jack jaw was grimly set and his narrowed eyes were gray cold and determined. As he came up on the rise and could see the frame buildings of Red Rock beyond, he checked his two big fore-guns as a matter of course. Karnes' guns were always clean, loaded and ready for use, but he checked them again, just to be sure.

A few minutes later he was stepping across the wooden sidewalk toward the door of the Red Rock bank. Two Sisters pulled low over his eyes. He eyed the stocky man with grumpy, black hair looking near the bank doorway, but apparently paid him no mind.

There were several people in the bank. Karnes paid them no mind, either. He moved with long, firm strides toward the teller's window. His leather-brown hands were empty as he approached. Then the teller was staring into a gun barrel.

That action was faster than the eye could follow. Karnes' draw was always like that.

"Brick up!" he said, gruffly. "Hand over the cash."

The teller must have given a barely perceptible signal, perhaps with his eyebrows. Karnes heard a voice behind and slightly to the left saying, "Drop the gun, mister. I'm the sheriff. You packed a mighty bad one for a holdup."

Karnes whirled and fired. His shot neatly clipped the gun from the sheriff's hand. Then he fed through the door, leaped on his horse, and galloped away.

There was a chase, of course. But his slight head start was all he needed for his great horse to outdistance all pursuers.

He'd made a gummy.

THE MOUNTAIN TOPS were gold with the reflected setting sun. They became blue again as dusk fell as twilight moved in. Karnes took a last look at his holdup coat stream and looked his grab. The snake curled lazily, almost straight upward in the breezeless air. Shadows grew longer and then were engulfed in blackness. The cañons reflected in his brown, gun holster.

He sat cross-legged and began to eat.

He heard a ring much in the darkness, but failed himself to continue eating as if he hadn't heard anything.

Then there was a whispering voice. "All right, mister. I've got you covered, so don't bother to reach. And don't turn around. You couldn't see me anyway. I want no plover. Behave and you want get hurt."

"Talk," said Karnes.

"I saw you try to hold up that bank today."

Karnes said nothing.

"Mighty awkward."

Karnes munched on his grab.

"If you want to pull a bank job, you gotta see your head. Case the place first. Any fool should know the sheriff's always there at noon on as Monday to collect the town payroll."

"So?" Karnes started the word without turning.

"You're handy with a gun, but you got no brains. The boss could use an hombre like you and you'd collect plenty. As a loner you're bound to wind up in a cell or a noose, just because you haven't got the savvy."

"Who's the boss?"

"Not as smart. If you want to meet the boss, you run both your guns behind you without turning around."

"And if I don't?"

"I put a slug through your thick head."

"No choice," said Karnes, and turned his two guns backward.

"Now you're sensible," said the voice. KARNES could hear footsteps behind him and judged somebody was picking up the gun. "All right," said the voice. "Turn around now and follow me."

KARNES turned and saw the grumpy-faced man who had been leaning in front of the bank. The sample gave a pink glow to the swarthy complexion.

KARNES met the boss, but the boss was taking no chances on being re-aggrieved. He wore a mask.

"Greasy tells me you're a dumb bank robber," sneered the boss.

"Maybe," said KARNES.

"But he also tells me you're the sweetest pistol shot that ever plugged a grasshopper at 100 yards."

"Maybe," repeated KARNES.

"I think you are," said the boss. "I trust Greasy's judgment. Anyway, I got a job for you. We got a prisoner. The sheriff's been tearing his hair out trying to find him, but he ain't ever goin' to because I'm smart. Our prisoner is an old man and he's got some gold hid somewhere. He won't tell us where. We tortured him a little, but he still won't tell. However, I think with your help, we can make him tell. Maybe you heard of him? old Pop KARNES?"

KARNES nodded but not perceptibly. "Maybe," he said.

They took old Pop KARNES to a tree. He had a gray stubble beard and a rather sad-looking face. Only his gray eyes under his white brows hinted at his relationship to his son. The outlaws never noticed.

"Now, you," said the boss. "By the way, what's your name?"

"Smith," said KARNES.

The boss chuckled. "Good enough. Maybe you ain't as dumb as Greasy made out. Anyway, Smith, I'm smart. I got you back your two magnums fully loaded. Old Man KARNES is your target. You get twelve shots. You can make an outlaw around him with the first eleven shots. Then you put the twelfth through his heart."

"Why waste all that ammo?" asked KARNES. "I can plug him with one shot."

"You are a dummy," sneered the boss. "I'm figure that one of them first eleven

shots will persuade him to tell us where the gold is hid."

"Never!" shouted old Pop who had heard all the conversation.

The outlaw gave Pop a cigar.

"Now shoot it all!" he ordered.

KARNES, with loaded gun, stood 30 paces away. He hesitated. He didn't want a wild stag to kill his own father.

The boss, wanting to remove the hesitation, said, "Smith, if you have any idea about dropping the job and shooting it out, remember that my men are all around with their guns on you. It's not that I distrust you. I'm just smart. Remember, I'm the boss."

KARNES fired.

He clipped the cigar, cleanly.

He took ten more shots making no further wound the old man, his own father.

Between shots the boss asked the old man where the gold was hidden. He got snarls and curses for answers.

"Okay," said the boss, "put the bullet through his heart."

"Wait a minute," suggested KARNES. "I'm kind of dumb, but I got an idea. Let's all go away from him for a little while. Leave him tied up here for an hour or so. Let him think about dying. Maybe he'll change his mind and tell where the gold is."

"You got a head on you, boy," said the Boss. "He'll keep. Come on, boys let's leave him here awhile." They all moved away.

THE rest of the story is short. While 'Smith' and the boss and the boys were in the Red Rock Cafe, old Pop ran for the sheriff. His ropes had been severed by the accurate shooting of his son. The sheriff brought a posse and rounded up the boss and all his gang, including Greasy.

Young KARNES was ready to give him self up for posing as a bank robber. "It was the only way I knew to get myself into the boss' gang and try to rescue my father," he said.

"Well," said the sheriff, "I can't look you as a bank robber because you didn't shoot neither." Reckon if you'd teach me to drive half as fast as you, why I'd be all square."

THE END



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ROPING 'N' RIDING

with ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE

and his STALLION BLACK JACK



ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE
AND BLACK JACK
RIDE NORTH COUNTRY IN
NORTHALLYWOOD CALIF.

HOOBY, ROCKERS.

BLACK JACK AND I HAVE BEEN WORKIN' AT THE BIT WRITING TO TELL YOU THE LATEST NEWS AND HOW PROUD WE ARE OF THE WAY YOU HAVE ENJOINED YOU LIVE OUR NEW WESTERN ADVENTURE COMES. LETTERS HAVE BEEN COMING IN BY THE SACKS FULL AND IT'S MADE US BOTH VERY HAPPY. IT'S SO YOU ENJOIN OUR MOVIES AND PUTTING TOGETHER OUR ADVENTURE STORIES. BUT IT'S STILL ENJOINING THE THINGS OUT HOW BLACK YOU, OUR PAWS, LIKE THEM.

WE ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO A GREAT SUMMER FILLED WITH TRAVEL AROUND THE COUNTRY, PERSONAL APPEARANCES AT RODEOS AND IN THE THEATERS, WAITING AND ENJOINING HANDS WITH AN ARMY OF YOU AS WE GO.

NOW FOR THE BIG NEWS! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE FOR THE BIGGEST EVENT THAT TOOK PLACE RECENTLY. YEP, WE GOT A LITTLE BABY, COULD BE ONE OF THOSE (ONE YOU'LL BE SEEING HIM IN THE MOVIES, TOO). NOW DON'T GET EXCITED TILL YOU HEAR WHOSE HONEYBUN HE IS. YOU SEE, ON THE 24TH OF FEBRUARY BLACK JACK AND I FINALLY ACQUIRED A BRONX, SWEET! NEW BABY BOY. HE IS COMING FROM TEXAS YOU, AND SO HE IS MY MOTHER. HE'S THE CUTEST LITTLE COTTER YOU EVER SAW. AT FIRST WE LEARNED WE'RE SO NERVOUS YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT HE WERE GOING TO FALL AT EVERY STEP, BUT HE MANAGED TO BALANCE HIMSELF, SOMETIMES LEANING AGAINST HIS MOTHER—JUST LIKE A KID, IN FACT, DEPENDING ON HIS MOTHER FOR SUPPORT.

BLACK JACK'S THE PRECIOUS ONE YOU'VE BEEN LADY EVER ON. HE ENJOIN AND REMINDS AND STAYS UP AND DOWN THE FENCE "WARRIOR" AND "WARRIOR" TO EVERYONE WHO RACES BY THAT HE HAS THE BEST SON IN ALL THE WORLD. HE APPEARS HIS GOING TO LOOK JUST LIKE HIS DAD THE WAY HE ENJOIN UP—ALL BLACK AND WHITE—SO I'VE ALREADY NAMED HIM "BLACK JACK JR.". DO YOU LIKE THE IDEA I TELL, BLACK YOU, I THOUGHT YOU WOULD.

THANKS AGAIN FOR WRITING WITH ME IN THE LETTER. I'M GOING TO GO NOW, BUT BEFORE I CLOSE THE OLD BARN DOOR, I WANT TO GIVE YOU THE THOUGHT—BE GOOD TO YOUR SON AND DAD AT ALL TIMES, AND WE'LL KNOW BE YOUR PAWS.

Allan "Rocky" Lane

AND BLACK JACK 

FOR OUR LATEST MOVIE ADVENTURES NOW SHOWING ON YOUR LOCAL SCREENS ARE "THE PLUMMER RAB" AND "WARRIOR OF AMERILLO."

ROCKY LAKE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LAKE WESTERN



ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE
and
His Stallion BLACK JACK



A full-length portrait of a man standing against a plain, light-colored background. He is wearing a light-colored cowboy hat, a red long-sleeved shirt with a dark vest, a patterned neckerchief, a wide brown leather belt with a large buckle, and dark blue jeans. He is also wearing dark boots. His right hand is on his hip, and his left hand is in his pocket. The lighting is soft, casting a shadow on the floor.

ALLAN
"ROCKY"
LANE